

[For the Saturday Evening Post.]

BUONAPARTE.

The pen, the pencil, and the chissee have seemingly entered into contention each with the other, in the commemoration of the deeds and achievements—and in the perpetuation of the memory of this illustrious, and unexampled chieftain. *History* has already recorded much—the *Canvass* has been, not uselessly, or unproductively stretched, and the *Sculptor* has not employed his time in vain, to exhibit to the world a portraiture of this great, and distinguished, and wonderful individual.—Let Europe, the cradle of his birth, the scene of his action, the theatre of his glory, claim the exalted right of calling him its own—The rest, and by far the greater proportion of the world, will claim the right of offering their homage at the shrine of his immortal genius.

Since the demise of this eminent man, the cabinets of the impartial states of Europe—the councils of many of the provinces which he has overrun, and the deliberative assemblies, whose discussions he has before this time impeded—have by a common communion, agreed to offer that homage, not to the remains, but to the memory of the man, whose actions kept them in a continual state of wonder—frequently of terror—but always of the most unhesitating and unqualified admiration.

The ancients, in the early state of the arts, and in that stage of them when the prowess of their soldiers, laid claim to the gratitude of the commonwealth—first suggested the erection of statues, to memorialize the character, the name, fame and exploits, of their departed Heroes. Since the decease of Napoleon, not only in France, (his own throne) but in Belgium, the seat of his misfortune, in Austria, and even in England, proposals have been set on foot, to elevate his name by the publication of busts, portraits and emblematical delineations of his "*foats in arms*"

Emulating the example of the artists abroad, we are gratified in having it in our power to state that Mr. J. L. Baker, of this city, has proposed to cause to be executed, a fine LIFE BUST OF BUONAPARTE, which is to be published at the moderate sum of TWO DOLLARS.—Setting aside the design of Mr. Baker, to contribute to the promotion of the arts, by his own private encouragement of them, we do most heartily recom-

mend it to the public, as a most valuable and interesting work, and one which will be highly beneficial to the cause of art and science.

It is understood that Mr. Baker contemplates, in the event of the success of the present scheme, contracting for Busts of several distinguished individuals of our own country. Subscriptions for the present, we have been informed, are open at the MERCHANTS' COFFEE HOUSE, MR. NEWMAN'S HOTEL, No. 10, Library street, and at the several Book Stores.

CLIO.

## BONAPARTE.

The following anecdote will serve to show the daring character of this extraordinary man in early life—when he was about 16 years of age, and a cadet in the military school at Paris. In the vast plain of the Champ de Mars, the court, and the Parisians were assembled to witness the ascent of a balloon. Bonaparte made his way through the crowd, and unperceived, entered the inner fence, which contained the apparatus for inflating the silken globe. It was then very nearly filled, and restrained from its flight by the last cord only. The young cadet requested the æronaut to permit him to mount the car with him; which request was immediately refused, from an apprehension that the feelings of the boy might embarrass the experiment. Bonaparte is reported to have exclaimed, “I am young it is true, but I neither fear the powers of earth, nor of air,” and sternly added, “will you let me ascend?” The æronaut, a little offended at his obtrusion, sharply replied, “No, sir, I will not—I beg that you will retire”—upon which the enraged little officer drew a small sabre, which he wore with his uniform, instantly cut the balloon in several places, and destroyed the curious apparatus, which the æronaut had constructed with infinite labour and ingenuity, for the purpose of trying the possibility of ærial navigation.

Paris was almost unpeopled this day, to view the spectacle. The disappointment of the populace, which was said to have exceeded seven hundred thousand persons, became violent and universal. The king sent to know the reason of the tumult, when the story was related to him, the good humoured monarch laughed heartily, and said, “Upon my word that impetuous boy, will make a brave officer.” The devoted king little thought that he was speaking of his successor. The young offender was put under arrest, and confined for four days.

*From the London Times of July 5.*

## Particulars of the Death of Bonaparte.

The despatches brought by captain Crokat, announcing the death of Bonaparte, are dated St. Helena, May 7. That event took place on the 6th of May, at ten minutes past 6 in the afternoon. The illness of the ex-emperor lasted in the whole, six weeks; and its effects on his frame, as described by an officer who had frequent opportunities of seeing him during that period, were so powerful as nearly to reduce him to a skeleton, and to obliterate all traces of his former features. During the latter part of his illness he frequently conversed with his medical attendants on its nature, of which he seemed to be perfectly aware. He declared it was hereditary, and that his father had died of the same disease. On examination after death, the stomach was found in a state of extraordinary contraction; so that it appeared in some places perforated in large openings. His medical attendants gave it as their decided opinion, in which the physician who was called in coincided, that the disease was incurable, and that the climate had no effect in producing it. One trait of character displayed itself in his last moments, which marks the ruling passion strong in death. As he found his end approach, he was habited, at his own request, in his uniform of Field-Marshal, with the boots and spurs, and placed on a camp bed, on which he was accustomed to sleep when in health, and preferred to every other. In this dress he is said to have expired. It has been asserted that the Heron, which brought the despatches, also brought the body of Bonaparte to England; but this we understand is not the case. His attendants wished his body to be conveyed to Europe; but, on opening his will, it was found that he had left a request that it should be interred on the island, and pointed out the spot in which he wished his remains to rest, in a beautiful valley near his residence. Though Bonaparte is supposed to have suffered much, his dissolution was so calm and serene, that not a sigh escaped him, or any intimation to the by-standers that it was so near. At the departure of the Heron, no day had been fixed for the funeral, but it was understood that it would be solemnized with the military honors due to his rank.